

THE LIGUORIAN

*A Popular Monthly Magazine According to the Spirit of St. Alphonsus Liguori
Devoted to the Growth of Catholic Belief and Practice*

Vol. XI.

JANUARY, 1923

No. 1.

The Old and the New

Back to the deeds of the year just fled,
Peering at thoughts of days that are dead,
Grim gray ghosts of the past.
Faults and mistakes and failures untold,
Pitiful falls of a courage too bold,
Humble my spirit at last.

Weary and faint and saddened of heart,
More of Martha than Mary my part
In drama of life to play.
Spent in the fight with sorrow and sin,
To Bethlehem I humbly creep in
Too burdened even to pray.

Doubting I scan and timid I peer,
Into the days of the dawning year,
Wond'ring what waiteth for me.
Hesitant I to take up the sword,
Coward full loath, O Jesus my Lord,
E'en to do battle for Thee.

Agonized hours of bearing the Cross,
Unending toil that seemeth but loss,
How shall I struggle with them?
Gazing on Thee this sweet Christmastide
Longs my poor heart for aye to abide
Peaceful in dear Bethlehem.

Calvary's Mount,—Gethsemane's flood,
Shrankest from this,—the gift of Thy Blood
Shed in such anguish for me?
Sweet gentle Babe, shalt Thou call in vain?
What if life's path be thorn-crowned with pain?
Forward my progress with Thee.

From Crib to Cross Thy hallowed love glows,
Cheering my way mid sunshine and snows,
Quelling each sob and each tear.
Walking with Thee no future I'll scan.
Leaving to Love life's pathway to plan,
All welcome, thou bright New Year.

J. R. Melvin, C. Ss. R.

Father Tim Casey

HIS NEW YEAR PRESENT

C. D. McENNIRY, C.Ss.R.

It was New Year's Day and late afternoon. Father Casey, sitting in his cosy library, had every reason to be happy. The day had been fine, the church attendance large, the sermon excellent; his New Year's resolutions had been made and recorded; the Season's Greetings from many former St. Mary's boys and girls had been read with pride and pleasure and had been duly answered. He had every reason to be happy, but he wasn't. A picture kept rising before his mind and haunting him—the picture of a dilapidated, unpainted shanty on the roadside below, with dried weeds and broken, neglected trees all around it and within a lonely old man dying by inches. For the hundredth time the good priest said to himself: "What can I do? He is not a Catholic. He hates the very sight of me. My going would do more harm than good. What can I do?" Still the picture would not down. Finally the struggle ended—as he knew all along it would—by his taking down hat and coat and walking briskly over the hard-packed snow towards the old man's shanty.

Who among you has not felt that interior torture on approaching a house which duty bids you enter, but where you know you will be unwelcome? His hand was on the latch of the sagging gate when once more the vexing question arose, this time more vividly than ever:

"Why should you go in to torture this unfortunate wretch? He will think that you have come to gloat over him, now that he is unable to curse you and drive you away, as he has done every time you tried to make a friendly approach. Your visit will do more harm than good." Quickly he withdrew his hand and hurried past the house as though he had had no notion of entering. On reaching a low hill a quarter of a mile further along the road, he stopped and looked about.

The trees, bared of their leaves, scarcely obstructed the view. The white snow and the silence was all about him. Near and far, he could see many a snug dwelling house with smoke pouring from the chimney and telling of warmth and comfort within. But he could not enjoy the beauty of the picture. One object caught and held his eye—the dilapidated shanty where one of his fellow beings, at enmity with God

and man, was dying. The priest within him was stirred, his resolution was made, and in a few minutes he was seated by a bed where an old man lay gasping for breath and trying to speak.

"Mr. Bolger," said the priest, "do not, I beg you, distress yourself by this painful effort to talk. It is enough that you have told me you are glad I came. I feared my presence might be unwelcome. Rest quietly; I will not leave you."

The old man did not hear him. All the powers of his mind were focused on some overpowering thought. Suddenly he fixed his fever-bright eyes on the priest:

"What day is this?"

"New Year's Day."

"Ah!" he shuddered and lay silent for some minutes. Then again:

"You said—what day did you say it is?"

"New Year's Day, the first day of the new year," Father Casey answered in a soothing tone. He thought the sick man's mind was rambling.

"Snow?"

"Yes; the ground is covered with snow."

"Clear—frosty?"

"Yes; an ideal winter day."

The sick man, despite his weakness, sat bolt upright, such fierce earnestness, determination, expressed in every muscle of his wasted body that the priest did not dare to remonstrate.

"It was just such a New—" Evidently painful memories were linked with the word, and he could not bring himself to repeat it. "It was just such a day—as this, back in—well, I need not tell you where—it was our home. Home! Since that hour I have never known a home! I had driven *her* to Mass in the sleigh. I, myself, had not the gift of faith—she said it is a gift—but I respected it in her and did all in my power to help her carry out its mandates. How earnestly she always prayed during Mass! It was a comfort to me to watch her and to know that I had a large part in her every prayer.

"I do not remember the subject of the sermon, nor how the priest came to touch on marriage. All I remember is that one clear, uncompromising declaration which rang through my brain and filled me with a panic of fear: 'What God hath joined together, let no man put asunder! When once a man and a woman are united in Christian

wedlock, no power on earth can break that bond. No disillusionment, no disagreement, no separation, no divorce, can dissolve that marriage and leave them free to marry again. This is God's law; no human law can supplant it! It is binding on Catholic and non-Catholic alike.'

"I tried to quiet my fears. 'This,' I said to myself, 'is merely a Catholic dogma, and I do not believe in Catholic dogmas.' Before my marriage, the priest had questioned me, and I had assured him that I was not a married man. I had brought witness to attest to the truth of what I said. I firmly believed it was the truth. I firmly believed that the divorce from my first wife had dissolved that marriage and left me once more a single man. I had never before understood what a serious view the Catholic Church took of the matter. But now I knew! I was still convinced that the Catholic Church was wrong. But was it loyal to my wife to keep this knowledge from her? We were all in all to each other, sharing every joy and sorrow, every hope and anxiety. I could not bear the thought of a secret between us. But suppose she should hold to that harsh Catholic teaching? Impossible! There was some explanation! My case was exceptional! That priest had overshot the mark! At the worst, no church could step in and destroy a love like ours! Two things were clear to me: First, that I could withhold no secret from my loyal wife; second, that the fact of my former marriage could not possibly affect us.

"Accordingly, on our way home I led up gently to the revelation. 'Dear,' I said, 'in the sublime plan of the universe, every woman is intended for a certain man. If they are true to themselves—if their minds are honest and their hearts are pure, an invisible attraction will sooner or later bring them together as the loadstone is drawn by the needle. When they meet, those two hearts, attuned to each other, will beat in unison and produce harmony no human tongue can describe—the harmony of undying love.' Glancing at her face buried in furs, I marked the roguish twinkle in her eye which was always there when she listened to my 'philosophy.' I hurried on: 'Before these soul mates meet, they are unsettled, discontented, filled with a vague yearning for they know not what. Sometimes while in this state, one will mistake a will-o-the-wisp for his guiding star, a mirage for the enchanted lake, a cloud bank for the mountain peaks of home. But if he is true to himself, this error will be righted, he will realize his mistake, will extricate himself from this entanglement, and seek further

until he infallibly finds happiness and lasting peace in his appointed destiny.'

"'Dearest,' I said, drawing her to me—how trustingly, how lovingly she yielded—'Dearest, I made this mistake; I experience this rectification. I have been silent until now, not in order to deceive you, I assure you, not for that, but simply to avoid recalling a period in my life which was not pleasant to remember. Before I met you I married a woman whom I erroneously believed to be my destined partner in life. The mistake was quickly discovered. A legal divorce annulled our marriage and left me free to seek and find the happiness I now enjoy.' These words had no sooner passed my lips than *my wife was gone!*"

He stopped as though in pain, his body rigid, his breathing short and rapid. Father Casey sprang up in alarm to procure a restorative, but the old man stayed him with a look and, by a supreme effort, continued:

"My wife was gone! She had torn herself from my arms, and there beside me where she had been a moment before, sat a stranger—a strange woman, white as death, her starting eyes fixed with horror—not horror of what I had said, but, Oh, God! *horror of me!* I protested, I argued, I pleaded, I wept aloud in my helpless anguish! Yet all the while I did not dare to so much as touch her hand! She was a strange woman—she was not my wife! In desperation, I turned the horses' heads. 'Back to the priest!' I cried. 'He will explain. He will show that you are mistaken, mad, to think that we are not man and wife!'

"Every Catholic knows what the priest told me, I need not repeat it: my first marriage was valid—nothing but death could dissolve it—my second marriage was no marriage at all.

"The statement sounded so preposterous, so impossible, to me that I wondered how he could stand there and make it, but she accepted it as a plain and incontrovertible fact. My brain was in a whirl; I could neither reason nor think. 'Come,' I said, 'let us go home and talk it over.' 'Go with *you—to that* house!' she cried in horror, and hurried—almost ran—out of the room and across the street to a friend of hers.

"I jumped in the sleigh and drove like a madman to our farm. Next day I came to the place where she was staying; she would not see me. I wrote her frantic letters; they were returned unopened. At last I bowed to the inevitable and went to deed the farm over to her;

here again she had anticipated me. A lawyer came with a signed statement by which she relinquished all share in anything that belonged to me. Then they told me that she was gone and that she had exacted from them a solemn promise to give me no information of her whereabouts. After a fruitless search, I gave up. I cursed the Catholic Church and the Catholic priests whom I blamed for wrecking my home. I left the place forever and came here, living, as you know, like an outcast, hating all men and hated by them in return. A few weeks ago I received this."

He drew a letter from his bosom, and Father Casey read:

"Dearest Roland: I call you 'dearest,' for such you are and have always been to me. You know how I loved you once—that love has never failed! I do not fear to write this to you, for when you read it, I shall be no more. The very love I bore you made it impossible ever to meet you again after I learned that you were the lawful husband of another. * * * What embittered you against the Catholic Church has only made me love that Church the more. The Catholic Church is the only power on earth that protects the sanctity of the Christian home. She stands for God's law in the face of every attack. God's law says, 'Once a man and woman are united in the bonds of Christian wedlock, nothing but death can separate them.' God made this law because He loves us and wishes to protect our homes against every danger arising from our fickleness, our suspicions, our misunderstandings, our passions. I once knew the happiness of a home, and I can appreciate the goodness of God in making such a law to protect it. If a law that means so much for the happiness of the human race requires a victim to vindicate it, I shall gladly be that victim. This thought strengthens me to bear my sufferings. My sufferings, and my prayers, dearest Roland, I offer for you that before you die you may come to realize this truth and bow in submission to your Father's will. * * *"

There was a postscript in another hand stating that she had directed that this letter be sent to him after her death. It mentioned also how she had spent her life in doing good and had died praying for Roland.

The old man listened eagerly while the priest read aloud, then he repeated:

"The Catholic Church stands for God's law in the face of every attack. God's law says, once a man and woman are united in the

bonds of Christian wedlock, nothing but death can separate them. God made this law because He loves us and wishes to protect our homes against any danger arising from our fickleness, our suspicion, our misunderstandings, our passions.' I have pondered these words night and day. They are true! They have convinced me! They have given me full and unquestioning faith in the Catholic Church!"

"No, my friend," said Father Casey quietly, "neither these words nor your pondering over them has given you faith. What has given you faith is the powerful grace of God won for you by the sufferings and prayers of a heroic woman."

Night came on—the hours passed. With jingling bells and jolly songs, happy sleigh-ride parties glided by, while Father Casey watched and prayed beside the dying man. Just as the clocks struck twelve, Roland Bolger's soul, cleansed and sanctified by the sacraments of Holy Church, broke forth from its prison and went to meet its Judge.

Father Casey's New Year's present—the dearest of all to a priest of God—was one more strayed sheep brought home, one more sinner saved.

THE NEXT AMENDMENT

A genuine comedian in the midst of his amusing foolishness, usually manages to give utterance to one or two bits of sound sense. One such comedian impersonating the famous Andrew Gump recently, in explaining the platform of the "Peoples' Candidate, who wore no man's collar," among other wise and otherwise remarks, said:

"When I get to Congress, I'm going to do the same thing that Volstead did—only different. Volstead closed the saloons to save the men; I'm going to close the garages, to save the girls!"

Now, take up last week's papers and look through the head-lines!

The world is Christ's harvest, and He has sent His priests to gather it into His barns. Year after year, generation after generation, all over the earth the fields turn white and call for the reapers. But, Oh! Lonely harvest fields of the world! Well did your Master prophesy of you: "The harvest indeed is great but the laborers are few."—*Father Yorke.*

The Old Old Story

THOUGHTS FOR CHRISTMAS DAYS

M. G. KENNEDY, C.Ss.R.

"Behold I bring you tidings of great joy; for this day is born to you a Savior."

It is Christmas morn! From hundred towers, the church bells with their merry chimes, ring out to you the joyful tidings. The greeting of merry Christmas is abroad on the frosty air; smiles are on every face; happiness is in every heart. How we have longed for it, how we have prepared for it—this dear old feast of Christmas! And now at last it has come, bringing with it peace and joy. Heaven seems opened this blessed morn, and a strain of music seems to steal down to earth, bearing with it a merry Christmas greeting, from the angels and our loved ones there.

It is an old, old story, this Christmas story, and you have often heard it. But it is a story of love, the greatest love the world has ever known—an old, old story ever new.

The year Christ was born the world was at peace. War had followed war; nation after nation had been conquered; and now the world lay at the feet of Rome. Augustus, the Roman Emperor, wishing to know the strength of his vast empire, decreed a general census. "There went out a decree that the whole world should be enrolled, each in his own city." Mary and Joseph, though residing at Nazareth, were of the tribe of Juda, and the family of Bethlehem. Joseph, therefore, hearing of the decree, "set out to be enrolled with Mary, his espoused wife, who was with child."

Out there on the road to Bethlehem, a distance of one hundred and twenty-five miles, we see the two travelers. It is the winter season: the cold wind is blowing hard and the roads are slippery with sleet. But on through the cold, the sleet, and the wind, they go, intent on fulfilling the law. Often with trembling lips Mary raises her eyes to heaven; often she crosses her hands upon her breast in adoration and prayer; often she listens intently as if expecting to hear a voice. Now and then Joseph turns to look at his young spouse, and catching the heavenly expression that lights up her pure young features, bows his head in prayer and walks on in silence. Both are thinking within

themselves of the wonderful things about to come to pass. Along the same road pass numerous caravans, traveling in comfort and luxury. But they heed not the aged man with his maiden wife—she who was greatest among the daughters of Juda, she who was about to bring the Prince of Peace into the world, and become the Mother of God.

The day was already far advanced, when the two weary pilgrims arrived at Bethlehem. "And thou, Bethlehem, thou art very little among the numerous towns of Juda; and still from thee shall come forth the Ruler of Israel, who existed from the beginning, and whose generation goeth back to eternity." Here in the little city among the hills, Mary and Joseph were at home: Bethlehem was the birthplace of their ancestors. But who greets them on their arrival this first Christmas eve? Who welcomes them or offers them food or lodging? Private homes are closed against them; public inns are crowded with other travelers. "He came unto His own and His own received Him not."

Night is beginning to fall over Bethlehem. The aged man looks at his pale young wife and grows serious. Something must be done. Mary is fatigued after her long journey, and needs food and rest. On they go, until they come to the end of the town. Suddenly the maiden's eyes brighten, she sees a cave hewn out of the hillside, a shelter for the shepherds and their flocks. "Come," she says to Joseph, touching him lightly on the arm and pointing to the cave by the roadside, "there is no need to go farther. Let us enter here and rest."

"But Mary, my spouse, do you not see that this cave is a stable for beasts and exposed to the chill night air?"

And Mary, "knowing that her days were accomplished that she should be delivered," inspired by God, replied: "This stable, dear Joseph, is the royal palace in which the eternal Son of God desires to be born on earth."

What must the angels have thought when they saw the divine mother enter the tumbled-down cave. The sons of kings are born in rooms adorned with gold, but the King of heaven is born in a rough cave exposed to the wintry wind. Happy cave that witnessed the birth of the divine Word! Happy manger that had the honor of receiving the Lord of heaven! But happier far the hearts that are opened wide this Christmas morn, to receive the dear Babe of Bethlehem and warm Him with their love!

Soon the noise in the city ceases, and silence watches over the

sleeping inhabitants of Bethlehem. Mary, alone with Joseph, in the abandoned cave, is pouring out her heart to the Almighty. About the cave, a holy hush prevails, a calm, a peace, as if heaven were stooping low to whisper to earth the great mystery about to take place. Of a sudden a great light streams down from heaven, and fills the dark cave with splendor. The Incarnate Word miraculously leaves the womb of His mother and like the poorest, weakest child of Adam, lies helpless before her. "And she brought forth her first born son and wrapped Him up in swaddling clothes and laid Him in a manger." How beautiful the tender babe must have appeared to the eager eyes of His mother when kneeling before the little crib in which she had placed Him, she adored Him, her God but still her Babe. Overflowing with a mother's love she presses Him to her bosom and warms Him with her tender embraces and kisses. The desired of the nations, the Prince of Peace, the Son of the eternal Father, the Savior of the world, had come, but to Mary He was the Babe of Bethlehem, her own little Infant Jesus. And Mary and Joseph kneel before the little crib and adore and thank the divine Babe, who has come to save the world.

From the highest heavens legions of angels descend filling the cave with the brilliance of the noonday sun. Falling down in adoration before their King and their God, they acknowledge their nothingness and offer their homage. In a burst of heavenly harmony the first Christmas song rings out through the night air: "Glory to God in the highest."

Glory to the divine Mercy which has sent a Savior to redeem man and reopen the gates of heaven! Glory to the divine Wisdom which has found a means of satisfying the justice of God! Glory to the divine Power which has destroyed the reign of Satan over the world! Glory to the divine Love which has induced God to become a little Babe to win by His love the hearts of men!

The dazzling light fades away as the angels depart and hasten to bring to others the happy tidings of the Savior's birth. "And there were in the same country shepherds watching their flocks, and behold an angel of the Lord stood by them, and the brightness of God shone round about them and they feared with a great fear. And the angel said to them: 'Fear not, for behold I bring you tidings of great joy, for this day is born to you a Savior, who is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you. You shall find the Infant wrapped

in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger!' And suddenly the angels broke forth again into song, that echoed and re-echoed through the hills: Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace to men of good will."

"And the shepherds said: 'Let us go over to Bethlehem and see this Word that has come to pass.' And they came with haste and found the Infant lying in a manger. "It is the Messiah, the desired of nations," they cried. And falling down they adored the Infant King, glorifying and praising God for all the things they had seen and heard.

Centuries have sped by; it is Christmas once more. The Infant Jesus comes down from heaven again to be born among us and win our love. There in the crib He lies, His little arms outstretched in love for all of us, beckoning us to come and adore Him.

Humbly approach the little crib, and welcome your Savior unto the world. Join your voices with the angel choirs in praising Him. With a spark of that love that burned in the hearts of Joseph and Mary invite Him to take up His dwelling in your hearts.

What have you done to return the love of the divine Babe? How many Christmas presents have you sent out to your friends? Have you forgotten the Babe of Bethlehem? His Christmas gift to you is Himself. The only gift He desires in return is your heart and its love. Lay your heart this glorious Christmas morn at the feet of your Infant King in the crib. It will be a pledge of that salvation He brought to the world that first Christmas night long ago, and the peace the angels announced to the shepherds will be yours. "Peace on earth to men of good will."

There are in this world distressed souls whose sorrows all spring up in joys for others, whose earthly hopes, laid in the grave of many tears, are the seeds from which spring up healing flowers and balm for the desolate and distressed.

We are so careful to remove the briars from our pathway, for fear they should wound, yet take pleasure in collecting and piercing our hearts with the thorns that meet us in our daily intercourse with one another. How childish and unreasonable we are!

The Hands of a Child

THE STORY OF A NEW BEGINNING

T. Z. AUSTIN, C.Ss.R.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Chisolm were wondered at and spoken of by all the town of Preston as a model couple. They had a fine home that always looked trim and neat—and from the outside at least, prosperous. But walls are silent.

"Well, Helen," began Mr. Chisolm, when the Sunday dinner, passed mostly in silence, was just over. His wife, young and beautiful and dressed up to the latest fashion, flashed upon him a look in which there was little trace of love, but the light of anger. Mr. Chisolm understood at once.

"Ellyne, I mean," he went on as if mocking her—for since she had left the Academy, the simple Helen became Ellyne. "I've been thinking it will be hard for me to run down to Omaha every week for work. You know next Monday I start."

"What are you going to do about it? The salary is worth it—I need a new dress."

"Why," continued Harold, "I thought of moving up there."

"Go ahead," said she coldly; "move."

"But you, Ellyne?"

"I'll stay here with father and mother."

"I'm very sorry that you can't come along. I hate to leave you here. We ought to be together. And I've been thinking it were better—"

"Oh, yes, yes; don't worry thinking and being sorry. Just go ahead and stay at Omaha. You needn't come home at all." As she spoke she gathered up an armful of dishes and walked off to the kitchen. She did not lift her feet when she was in this mood, and the grating of her shoes on the floor gave her words a peculiar hissing accompaniment, as if to bring out all their hidden scorn.

Harold was taken off his feet. For three years he had now been married. He had met Helen some five years ago, and had liked her ways and character, he thought—but probably it was her beauty that made him think there was character in her. Her laugh, her apparent abandon and wildness was the exact contrast of his own seriousness and almost exaggerated correctness. He fell in love with her.

He was not a Catholic. This did not bother Helen. For despite the remonstrances of her parents and the pastor—domineered by some wayward spirit—she went on with the courtship. She did not even give the idea of marriage any serious thought, and opposition seemed only to make her bent on clinging to Harold Chisolm.

But Harold came to know of the opposition of Helen's parents and thought the matter over in his business-like way. He concluded that it were surely best, if they were married, to have the same religion. He had none—he had nothing to lose by accepting one—it would bind them together more closely. It is hard to tell whether he went any deeper. But convert, he did, and after instructions, was received into the church. In those days of courtship and in the early days of marriage, he went to church with Helen and occasionally to the sacraments.

There was one thing peculiar about him. He seemed not to care for crowds with their endless gossip and small talk and went to no dances. He said he was bashful in a crowd. During their married life he seldom took his wife to a show and never to a dance or social gathering and later even stopped going to the sacraments. It was his bashfulness, he alleged. At the same time he was extremely jealous of his wife. He did not want others to admire her—as they usually did—and this may have been the reason for his apathy. Besides, he was intellectually inclined to a certain extent, having been a university student, and wished his wife to educate herself still more by reading. Reading she did, but judging from the magazines lying around: the Red Book, Photoplay, Hearst's—it was not exactly, in any real sense, intellectual culture she sought. In fact, there were traces of her reading in some of her letters to friends—letters that breathed rebellion against the married state, in phrases too evidently taken from the magazines. But all this developed by degrees—though quickly.

She craved—wild as she was by nature and born for laughter—amusement: her husband gave her none. Then he began to avoid Holy Communion—not even, to her knowledge, going at Easter time. It embittered her—and probably she was restrained from something serious only by the presence of her devout parents. It may have been a blessing from heaven, therefore, that she now insisted on remaining at home.

"You needn't come home at all!" she declared. The remark, with

its sudden bitterness, stunned Harold. There rushed in on him the memory of the repeated times of late that she had said she did not love him any way, and the hot blood mounted to his cheeks. He, too, could be stubborn—he, too, could be obstinate.

"I don't see why I do come home," he flashed at her—"if you call this a home!" He rose abruptly, took his coat and went out. He boarded the next train for Omaha, found himself a boarding house, and then made his way to the office where he was henceforth to be employed. He relented so far as to write to his wife that he would be home over Sunday.

Scenes such as these were repeated again and again. He growing in his jealousy of her and in his desire to conquer her—she in her determination to have what her nature craved: enjoyment and life—as she put it. So they grew apart.

Of course, there were times when she met him with a show of affection—when if he had seen his opportunity and relented somewhat from his exaggerated seriousness, he might have won his way to love and happiness. But he seemed to be blind—and the sunny spots in their life became fewer and fewer. At last there came a more serious break.

There was to be a great social in the town under the auspices of the Red Cross. Helen, or Ellyne now (was it Photoplay that suggested the change?), asked her husband to go with her.

"No!" he said. "You know I don't dance and I don't care to go to any of these affairs. I'm too bashful and it is too hard for me."

"Well, then," declared Ellyne, while her eyes flashed up with a defiant gleam, "I'll go alone."

"Don't go, Ellyne," he said as if pleading. But there was more than pleading in his tone and manner. He was struggling to control and hide deep feeling. "Don't go; I'm not with you very much, and I would like to have you at home."

"Oh, home!" replied Ellyne as she stamped her foot; "I'm home all the time." Harold rose and faced her across the table.

"Don't you go!" he said, putting his fist down on the table with a determination he only showed when he was unmistakably angry.

"I will go!" retorted Ellyne defiantly. "Who's going to stop me? I'm treasurer of the Red Cross and I am going to be there, see!"

It seemed such a small matter to any one looking at the incident

from the outside—but to these two, it meant self-conquest, and neither, it appears, was noble or strong enough to rise to that.

It was 2:30 A. M. when Ellyne returned home to find her husband up in the sitting room waiting for her. He made no great scene, but she knew he was in deepest earnest when he asked:

"Why didn't you stay out all night?"

"I am sorry I didn't," she flashed back at him. No doubt the glory of the evening and the adulation of admirers was a poor preparation for any kind of self-control. His bitterness in comparison was all the harder to bear. The canker bit deeper into her heart—in fact, something seemed to have reached a climax and snap: it was the bond of love. She strode to her room and locked the door.

Harold left earlier than usual that Sunday for his work. As he was leaving Ellyne, who had not spoken to him all day, followed him to the door, thinking he might turn to kiss her. He did not. She walked down to the porch after him to give him a last chance. He did not turn. Neither did she say a word. She returned to the house, made straight for the telephone, and called up a friend to arrange for a dance during the week. All her evenings, in fact, for some time were taken up with some affair or another, unknown to her husband.

"Harold said he would not be home Saturday," said her mother as Ellyne came into the living room. On her cheeks there were traces of tears.

"I don't care if he never comes home!" she replied. But—did she repent? Something stole over her like sorrow for her pride and defiance. But she would not step down now. The sorrow was prevented from striking deeper by the hope that he would come home anyway—for he had often said this before. The mother seemed to guess her daughter's mind.

"But he said it in an altogether different way this time, Helen." She always came back to her baby's name when she spoke confidentially.

Ellyne looked at her in silence a moment, then sat down to read the Photoplay.

Saturday came, but Harold came not. Monday Harold found in his mail the following letter:

"DEAR MR. CHISOLM: If you don't intend to come home, will you

please have the kindness to send me the check for the usual expenses? Besides, I need a new dress.

"Regards from father and mother,

"Your wife,

"ELLYNE."

Harold threw the letter into the stove near which he sat reading, for it was a chilly day in May. Then amid the curls of smoke he thought a while. Finally he said simply:

"All right, Mrs. Chisolm!" and whipping out his pay envelope, he counted "sixty." Then taking his check book he wrote out a check for his wife for \$45. "And this is mine, now," he continued, pocketing \$15. "I need not bring this home."

So saying he went to the soft drink store on the corner, where, as everyone knew, stronger stuff could be had, and for the first time in his life—slept on the floor. He didn't know it till the morning—the drink had been too strong for him. But after that, this became the ordinary Saturday night way of finding "happiness."

II.

Commencement exercises came. Preston was aglow with festivity, for the little town was rather public spirited to that extent, that everyone knew everyone else's business and minded it more or less. The exercises were to be conducted in the Methodist church.

"Why not have it in the town hall?" Ellyne, who was now socially prominent, asked. For she believed in her heart there was no reason at all why this public celebration, at least supposedly public, should be held in the Methodist church—on the outskirts of the town.

"In the town hall!" ejaculated the minister and the Ladies' Auxiliary in horror. "Why, there's Cronin's dance hall on the corner—there may be some beer sold there!" And that settled it; the treasurer of the Red Cross was silent.

At the celebration the children gave a drill that was the delight of the crowd. Twice they were encored, and the happy children, proud of their success, each time merited heartier applause. When it was over, they gathered in little groups on the lawn beside the church or played very lightly for fear of soiling their pretty costumes. Meanwhile the old folks gathered before the church.

Of a sudden a loud cry went up from the children, as they scattered in all directions as fast as their pretty dresses permitted. Some

of them ran up to the women who were grouped around the treasurer (who outshone all in the fashion of her gown), and breathless with fright. One little girl pointed to the side lawn, saying:

"There's a drunken man there! He tried to shake hands with us!"

The women blustered forward. A queer sensation tugged at Ellyne's heart—a presentiment. With dread she followed the others somewhat slowly and she heard them say:

"It's that dirty Mr. Chisolm who deserted his wife for drink! That's what drink does!"

"Get away from here, you drunk!" shouted the Methodist minister. "Don't pollute our feast and these children by your presence!"

"I just wanted to shake hands with a child, sir," said the drunken man, "just once! I wouldn't have done it any harm."

"You dare not touch them," preached the preacher. "Get away from here or I shall have the sheriff take you away at once!"

Harold Chisolm, for it was really he, looked around the crowd, and as his eyes fell upon Ellyne, they seemed to light up momentarily with a hungering glance; then they died down again to the uncertain, misty look of a drunken man. He turned and tottered away, mumbling:

"Just to shake hands with a child, just once!"

The women watched him go, then returned to Ellyne to console her:

"He's a brute, he is, to have left you this way! But we knew there was nothing to him: he changed his religion so easily. He deceived you, Ellyne. We sympathize with you. You must get a divorce from him—we shall help you. There is no reason why your young life should be thrown away on his account."

Ellyne's conscience smote her, but she said no word in defense of her husband. She let the words, burning with the scorn of Scribe and Pharisee, brand his name. She only abstained from making them burn more deeply, and in that she thought she was virtuous. It was sweet to her that all looked on her as a martyr—that her name was kept unsullied.

Harold Chisolm staggered on down the road that leads past the modest little church where the twenty or so Catholic families worshiped, where he himself had knelt with some regularity in earlier days but later only occasionally. In front of it he stopped. Love flamed

up and made his reason return for a moment. He seemed to recall the whole past. He looked down at his clothes and sadly shook his head. Raising his hand, he murmured:

"You in there—you—you must avenge me! She robbed me of a home! She blackened my name! It was through you, your faith, that I took her! Oh, yes, I, too, have sinned—but you must avenge me!"

Then he stammered and lolled:

"Just to shake hands with a child, just once!" and tottered on. Hardly a few steps had he taken when he stumbled and fell, dashing his head against the wall of the church. Just at that moment the Pastor, Father Hilden, stepped out of the rectory. He hurried over and found Harold Chisolm unconscious. He carried him into the Rectory. There Harold was soon revived and as an effect of the stunning blow, was himself again.

"Mr. Chisolm," said the priest, "how in the world have you come to this?"

Harold hung his head in silence.

"Come," continued the priest; "there's a story—I'm sure—tell it to me."

Harold did tell his story. He closed with the words: "It may be a punishment for my pride, Father."

"Take it as such, Harold," said the priest. "Go back to your work—come back to your God—and build yourself up again."

"I will, Father. Will you take my word for it?" he asked, holding out his hand. Father Hilden regarded him for a moment. He seemed to be measuring his determination by his former obstinacy. Would he use that quality for good henceforth? The man's eyes gave him the answer.

"I do take your word for it—on your honor, Harold!" and they shook hands and parted. Harold kept faith.

III.

The summer months passed with the sunshine and flowers and verdure, and September broke in with a long spell of chill, dank, rainy weather.

Ellyne fell into a peculiar melancholy that she did not at first understand. Feeling unwell she called in a doctor. He diagnosed her case at once and told her she would become a mother. It shocked her to hear it. In that first instant, a fierce flame of anger shot up in her

heart. This, she said fiercely to herself, is the crowning injustice done me by Harold Chisolm. And had it not been for the remnant of faith still left in her, she might have sought to rid herself of that which she loathed.

When the news spread, her new-found friends ceased coming to see her; she was uninteresting to them now. In the long lonely hours she had time to reflect and gradually her feelings subsided.

"Well," she thought, "I'm so lonely, it will be company to have a baby in the house."

The mere thought of it began to soothe her. And as she thought, the heart of a mother was born in her, the glory of motherhood threw its light about her. She longed for the child, she dreamed of it—at first indistinctly. But then it began to take on the face of Harold Chisolm, and she turned her face to the wall in loathing.

However, as the dream face appeared day after day, at last she became fascinated by it, and she smiled at it. Besides, in those lonely hours, her thoughts once more turned to the Faith she had all but abandoned. One day her mother came into the room with a crucifix. Ellyne looked up in surprise.

"What are you going to do with that, mother?" she asked.

"Oh, I'm just looking for a place to put it," she answered casually.

"Put it here on my table so I can see it," said Ellyne.

"Surely," said the mother, with an air of deep satisfaction. "And by the way, Helen," she went on, fumbling in the pocket of her dress, and pulling out a rosary; "here is your rosary; I thought you might be looking for it. Shall I ask Father Hilden, the pastor, to stop in and see you?"

"Do, mother." It was all she could say. She feigned great sleepiness and her mother left the room. As Ellyne looked at the crucifix, love for God was reawakened in her; thoughts of her girlhood Communion came back—of the Presence of her Lord within her. She began to consider the child God was offering her as a most sacred trust, in which she might make good all that she had sinned in herself and against her husband. A strange but real happiness crept over her.

Then at last one day, when the light of Christmas, like a new dawn, was already throwing its glamour over the doings of men, they placed the child in her arms. How changed Ellyne was by that time! A new beauty had come into her face. The labor had made her wan and

pale, but selfishness seemed to have died and conscience was re-born. Almost unconsciously she cooed to the little one and called him Harold. She would hold him up to an invisible person, then sadly lay him down.

"Where is he? Oh God, my sin!" And she kissed the baby with a strange ardor which those around her did not understand.

IV.

It was Baptism day, about a week later. Some relatives had gathered at the home to commemorate the occasion. Suddenly the door bell rang and one of the women went to answer it.

"Does Mrs. . . . Mrs. . . ." Harold Chisolm—it was he—had not prepared his speech and now for the nonce he was at a loss what to say. He thought to meet Ellyne. The woman recognized him, however, at once. She emitted a short cry of surprise.

"You! Mr. Chisolm! How dare you come here! You drunk!" There was nothing of the drunkard about Harold Chisolm now, yet such was the name he had won. Ellyne heard it—or rather she felt it was her husband. A tremor passed over her frame.

"Mother," she said, "it is he! Tell him to go! No, no. Oh, mother, I need him for the boy! Oh, yes, I want him!"

Harold heard her very first call for him. For rudely pushing aside the insulting woman, he walked into his own house and stood in the threshold of his wife's room in time to hear her repeat with deep emotion her last words. His eyes opened wide. He saw the child. A shadow crossed his manly but saddened countenance, then he knelt by the bed.

Somehow he held the baby in his arms, and it twined one baby hand into his hair and snuggled its chubby cheek against his own.

"Harold!"

The voice came from the bed. Harold looked up and his eyes met his wife's. She closed her eyes, but not in anger or hatred or revulsion; but like Mary Magdalen in repentance. He bent his face over hers, and as he did so, the child wriggled its free hand into its mother's hair and drew their faces together.

"Will you—can you forgive me, Harold?" she was whispering. "I cannot say how ugly I have been. I cannot say how selfish I was. Only now, with my whole self I love you. I want you."

"Helen!" he cried. "Stop! It was my fault as much as yours.

But God and our little boy have brought us together. Let us start over."

Then he took the child and holding it in his arms, laughter was born in him; he danced around the room. It was the first time Helen had seen him dance. But that dance was not learned from any dancing master.

RESOLUTIONS, YES WE MAKE THEM!

It has become the usual thing, you know, to inaugurate the new year with a set of resolutions. Not a bad idea at that, if properly carried out. If it does nothing more, the practice at least concentrates attention on the fact that there are things in the past to be remedied in the future, habits of life to be corrected and re-formed, policies of action to be readjusted or abandoned, new motives to be adopted.

The trouble usually comes in limiting the selection to one potent, compelling resolution that will offer a genuine stimulant to the will and at the same time bear some probability of being fulfilled.

The trend of the times suggests a resolution that will deserve first place on your list for the coming year. The recent anti-parochial school victory in Oregon, together with the growing attempts at similar legislation in other parts of the country, has directed the minds of thinkers to search for its cause; and the cause has been laid to the weakness of the Catholic Press in those localities. The fight is still on, and will be on all next year, the incoming year of 1923. Is the chief efficient weapon against it to remain as weak as it was last year?

As lovers of American liberty and of the institutions of your church, resolve to dismiss one or two of those secular—and often pagan—periodicals from your home and substitute a copy of your diocesan weekly and one or more copies of standard Catholic monthly publications. And if there must be a second resolution, let "it be like to this": help the Catholic Press by discussing it with your friends.

He who prays, shall be saved, he who does not pray, shall be lost. Those who have attained their salvation, have been saved by means of prayer, those who are now in hell, have lost their souls because they did not pray.

In Heaven We'll Know Our Own THE ASSURANCE OF FAITH

AUG. T. ZELLER, C.Ss.R.

What our hearts yearn and call for—the continuance of ties of legitimate love, even beyond the grave (see November LIGUORIAN), Faith assures us will actually be ours.

The Saints who have grasped the meaning of faith deeper than any others—who have caught, so to speak, the pulses of our Saviour's Heart—who resigned the delights of earthly love without destroying love itself—leave us no doubt in this matter.

For instance, St. Bernard had a brother whom he loved dearly. In the flower of youth he was taken from him and the Saint gives his sorrow free rein, yet finds true comfort in this assurance. We love the Saint the more for his tender words.

ST. BERNARD.

"Why had we to part, when we loved each other so dearly? It was indeed hard, but only for me, not for thee; since thou, my brother, hast found in other and still dearer companions compensation for the loss of dear ones here; but alas! what remains for me, bereft of thee, my only comfort? What excessive joy and happiness are thine even without me, my brother? Instead of my poor company thou delightest in the presence of Christ, thy God, and, joining with the choirs of angels, thou feelest no pain at having lost me. The Lord of Glory gives Himself to thee in fullest measure, and that is the best compensation for my absence; but what will be compensation to me for losing thee?" * * *

"I would fain know thy feelings," continues the Saint. "I am well-nigh crushed under the burden of my many cares and troubles, being thus deprived of support in my weakness. For my peace of mind, I would fain learn whether in the glory of heaven, in the ocean of eternal bliss, any thought of those left behind finds place in thy heart.

"Perchance thou knowest no more thy brother according to the flesh, but being wholly immersed in God's light and love, thou livest for God alone and carest no more for me. For whosoever is there united with God, is one with Him, one in His will and desires, one in all the feelings of His heart; inspired by His spirit and having neither

perception nor taste for anything but God. Yet God is love, and the more closely a man is united with Him, the more heat and light does he receive from the fire of Divine love. God is free from passion but full of mercy; to show mercy and forgive is His delight and prerogative. Therefore, it is fitting that thou, resting in bliss in the bosom of our merciful God, shouldst thyself be merciful, though thou art not unhappy, and compassionate though thou sufferest no pain.

"No! thy love for me is not dead, but transfigured. Thou hast put on God, without putting off the thought of me, for God, too, is interested in me; thou hast laid aside all weakness, but not thy loving, brotherly care for me—and love never faileth.

"I am sure, therefore, that thou bearest me continually in thy memory and thy heart. I seem to hear my brother's voice whispering in my ear: 'Can a mother forget her own child? Even though she may forget, yet will I not forget thee, my brother.'"

And Saint Bernard is a Doctor of the Church, one of those whose writings best reveal to us the mind of the church.

SAINT FRANCIS DE SALES.

Like Saint Bernard, Saint Francis De Sales, another Doctor of the Church, comes to speak of this subject. In consoling a friend of his who had to suffer great sorrow and bereavement, he writes to her:

"When you think of those persons who are dearest to you, and from whom you feel you could not endure to be separated, consider them precisely as those with whom you will be eternally united in heaven; for instance, your husband, your father, your little son. Say to yourself:

"This dear boy, will surely some day, if God so will, be happy in the eternal light; he will, I hope, rejoice in my happiness, as I shall rejoice in his, without ever being separated from him."

"But it will be just the same with your husband, your father and all the rest."

IN THE EARLY DAYS OF THE CHURCH.

With this same thought, the learned Theodore Studites—who died in exile Nov. 11, 826, for his defense of the Catholic teaching regarding the veneration of images, consoled his brethren:

"Before God, who is Truth," he said to them, "I promise you, that when I come to enjoy the Beatific Vision, I shall not cease to pray for you all to my Lord and God, that it may be well with you, that you

may be happy and endowed with heavenly benefits, and there I shall await each one of you, and when you depart from this world I shall come to meet you, recognize, welcome, and embrace you."

And still earlier, St. Jerome, also a Doctor of the Church, and perhaps the profoundest student of Scripture of all times, wrote a letter of consolation to his friend Paula, who had lost her little daughter Blesilla. His words, in which he represents the little girl as speaking from heaven to her mother, are beautiful:

"Dear mother," he represents her as saying, "if you desire my welfare, trouble not my peace and joy by your tears. You fancy perhaps that I am lonely; but I live in a goodly company. I see many here whom I knew not before. I am with Mary, the Mother of Our Lord, and the Holy Women mentioned in the Gospel. You pity me for leaving the world, but now it is I rather who feel for you and all our family, because you still languish in the prison of flesh, and daily have to contend with a host of enemies who are seeking to destroy you."

How sweet and tender are the words of another saint, who lived about the same time, St. Paulinus of Nola. He put off the robes of senator in order to become a monk, and later became a Bishop. His friends, Pneumatius and Fidelis, mourned the loss of their little boy Celsus, a boy endowed with the highest qualities of heart and mind. Paulinus wrote to them the following letter of consolation:

"My dear friends, Pneumatius and Fidelis, if you desire to meet your Celsus again and to rejoice with him forever in God's bosom, tread the steep and narrow path which leads to heaven, and strive to reproduce in yourselves the life and example of Christ.

"Oh, sweetest Celsus, thou art now a dweller in heaven, the object of the tears, the joy and glory of those who love thee; thou who art our eyes, our heart and our treasure, remember us before God. Brief and fair was thy life in our midst, but thy piety, far beyond thy years, has gained thee an eternal reward. Live with my innocent son who lived as many days as thou didst years. Live both of you in bliss with those innocent babes slain by Herod's sword. Exult with them in the presence of the Lamb, and with your tender hands offer Him palm-branches and nosegays. Play in the eternal garden, where the roses have no thorns, and the tulips and lilies never fade. For me and my Teresa (who like her husband had entered religious life), as well as

for Pneumatius and Fidelis, since we are all your kinsfolk, obtain from God the favor of being reunited with you in the heavenly city."

That they were not merely speaking their own views, but speaking out of the very mind and heart of the Church, we can see clearly if we but consider the prayers of the Church for the dead.

THE PRAYERS OF THE CHURCH.

Take for instance the prayer she says so earnestly and confidently for deceased parents:

"Grant, O Lord, that I may see them again in the bliss of eternal glory!" And again:

"Unite me with them in the happiness of the saints." And yet again:

"We beseech Thee, O Lord, that thy grace may grant me with them an everlasting crown."

It is as if she visualized and translated for us the feelings of our Lord, when He was about to part from the Apostles, His dearest friends.

A LITTLE WHILE.

How he had grown into their hearts. "Let us die for Him!" they declared. And when Our Lord spoke to them of the way He had to go—down through the dark valley of suffering and death, whither they could not go with Him—they grew sad and sorrowful.

Our Saviour, too, felt His human heart's fibres woven round these hardy, simple, yet impetuous fishermen, for He declared: "I call you not now servants, but friends."

Then it was that with infinite tenderness he prayed to His heavenly Father: "The glory which Thou hast given Me, I have given to them; that they may be one (with Me) as you and I are one. I in them, and Thou in Me: that they may be perfected in one * * * Father, those whom Thou hast given, I will that where I am they also may be with me." * * * Then turning to them He promised, "Only a little while and you shall see Me again."

So the friends would be united in the same sweet relationship of love and labor, with their various characters perfected and transfigured.

In heaven we'll know our own—indeed, those who have gone before us—that innocent baby—that darling mother—that faithful father—that generous friend—now in heaven's delight have us in their memory

and heart, and we can in the midst of our duties and trials look to heaven and like Joan of Arc exclaim: "We are not alone." Our loved ones in heaven are with us to cheer us on and help us. What a consoling thought to make us labor the harder by a pure life to be reunited with them forever.

STOPPING HALF WAY

A short while ago Dr. Eliot, President emeritus of Harvard University, in a public address, spoke of the evil results of education without religious teaching in the public schools. Dr. Eliot is not a Catholic and is much talked of as an authority on education.

He referred to the falling off in attendance at Protestant Churches, and attributed it to the lack of religious training.

"Most of our children," he declared, "go out into the world without having received in their schools any knowledge of religion. They may have acquired some in their churches, though that is a doubtful proposition for boys, a very doubtful proposition.

"It is now maintained," he continued, "that the actual majority of men, women and children in the United States are unchurched, never go to any church, knowing nothing about church."

He has indeed laid his finger on the true source of the evil. The Catholic Church has always maintained the necessity of religious education.

But as soon as he tries to suggest a remedy, he falls unhappily into soggy ground. What religious training does he propose? A system of neutral ethics—morality without religion—morality without God as its keystone.

There is no such thing!

The end of education is the formation of character; character rests on the basis of morality; morality if it have life and vigor, is interfused with religion; true religion is inseparable from morality, and morality from right life, and therefore from right education. Hence religion, morality, and education are a trinity.—*Bishop Spalding.*

The rejection of religion in America is all the stranger that this country was founded in the name of religion.

Christ's Christmas Gift

ST. ALPHONSUS LIGUORI.

"God so loved the world as to give His only begotten Son." And why? As the victim for our sin and the price of our ransom from hell. If God really wished to inspire us with confidence and wished to force us to love Him, could He have offered us a more compelling gift than that? St. Augustine came to this conclusion long ago: "In giving us His only Son, He could not give us more." Perhaps we would wish to be saved. But in this tiny Christ-child we have all we need to be saved. We yearn for light and peace and strength, confidence, love and eternal glory. But in our Lord all this is contained and most abundantly.

"Now hath He not with Him given us all things?" If God gave us His only Son, who is the fountain and treasure of every blessing, can we still fear that He might refuse us some little drop of consolation or some crumb of favor?

"Christ Jesus is of God, made unto us wisdom and justice, and sanctification and redemption." We were ignorant and blind indeed, and our own experience has brought the bitter lesson home to us; and see: God has given us His Son that He may be for us a light and guide on the way to heaven. We were sadly defiled by sin and unworthy of heaven and our conscience bore a terrible testimony against us; and see: God gave His only Son that He might be our justice and that His merits might secure for us an entrance into heaven. We were slaves of the demon and so low had we sunk that we almost kissed our chains and cared not for freedom from our wretched bondage; and see: God gave us His only Son that He might set us free and break those chains and exalt us to the incredible dignity of children of God.

And this Gift is made to each one of us. God has given His Son for each one of us just as if He gave Him for each one alone. Every one of us, therefore, may rejoice with St. Paul: "He hath loved me and has delivered Himself for me." Yes, for me individually. He is all my own, then. His Body is mine. His Blood is mine. His Life is mine. His merits are all mine. Could we wish a fairer Christmas gift of God? And what gift will we bring Him in return?

Exhibit A.

PART I. ENTER THE STRAW BOSS

J. W. BRENNAN, C.Ss.R.

Dawn had crept over the Canadian meadows, glanced for a moment into the limpid depths of the swiftly flowing Detroit River and begun its day's work auspiciously by casting long shafts of silver down the streets leading southward. Along these streets in pairs and groups and platoons and regiments came the marching army of the proletariat. The dull, rythmical thump of their regular stride reechoed through the quiet air like the rustle of restless water. Short of stature, brown of feature, with shapeless slouch hats pulled well over their eyes, coats and trousers faded by constant contact with wind and weather and rain, and clumsy shoes stained by the acids and greases encountered in their day's work, they swung along, streams of humanity in the maelstrom of industry. But whenever they passed the great, Gothic portals of the "Irish" church, the dinner pails were passed to the left hand, and right hands removed the shapeless hats and, rain or shine, warm or cold, carried them reverently breast high, till they had passed the church—the morning salute of the passing army to their Leader, their truest and often their only Friend, in the tabernacle. Their nationality was varied, their religion, one.

At Fort street, the group broke up; the two girls turning off to go to the tobacco factory, where they were employed, the two men proceeding on to the brass mills near the river. They heard a shout after them:

"Be brave, Mike—and don't work too hard!" One of the girls was waving to them. Mike blushed and waved shyly in return, at which the older man laughed.

"Ya! So soon! You are learning American ways fast. Well, Katherine is a good girl, and so is her sister, and so is all the family. I have boarded by them ever since I came to Detroit and they have been good to me. They saved a room for you, Mike, when I told them you were coming over to help me make money to bring mamma and the little ones over, too, and to get a home for them here in America. Some day, Mike, we will have money and then we will buy us a home and send your brothers and sisters to the schools and maybe to the big college down town, and then maybe—"

They had joined the throng pushing through the big gates and further conversation was impossible. Within the wide area, bordered on one side by a long line of freight cars, on the other by the office building and with the main building of the factory straight ahead, were crowds of men, hurrying to their places. Above, the bright face of dawn was spattered with the great, lowering clouds of smoke slowly pouring from the gigantic chimneys of the foundry. But the men in the yard failed to notice that; long hours of toil preceded and followed by several hours of walking had bent their backs and lowered their gaze. It was the day when cross town street cars were fit matter for dreams—and they had no time even to dream.

But they were a jolly crowd nevertheless, and as Mike and his father hurried to their part of the factory, they were greeted on all sides, sometimes in English, just as often not.

"Mike, watch me now, and then tonight, or rather, this noon, you will do the same thing." Mike watched. It was his first lesson. He saw his father insert a card in a slot below a big clock, push a lever and then pass on to the card-rack on the opposite side of the clock. Mike's job had been secured for him, so he followed his father down the mill between the long line of machines.

"Over there, son, look! That's the superintendent; he's a good man." He pointed to a tall, handsome fellow, who was swiftly striding through the mill with a sheaf of yellow papers in his hand.

"Whenever you can, work for him. If you see him calling for a gang to clean up the place or to carry some metal, jump for it. Then you're safe."

"Safe, father? Is there danger here?" The boy looked up anxiously.

"Plenty of it," remarked his father bitterly. "And all from too much hurry-up. Yesterday a man got a drop of acid in his eye—boss made him hurry in dropping a bar into the 'pickle-tub'; and a boy had his hand smashed in one of those small rolls you see over there. Funny no accidents ever happen when the big boss is running the job."

They turned off the aisle and entered a small cleared space behind some gigantic shears. Back against the walls of the shop were clumsy clothes racks made of odds and ends of lumber. Around these the laborers were gathered, arranging their coats and donning their working togs. There was no introduction as Mike and his father joined

the group. New faces were a matter of course, and both extremes of youth and age were already represented in the gathering.

As the men put on the cloth pads used to protect their hands, Mike looked across the aisle to the big rolls. Here the mechanics were hurrying around arranging parts of their machines, while some of them standing behind neat cabinets erected for the purpose by the factory carpenters, were putting on their neat, blue overalls. They were the aristocracy of the mill. Thereupon Mike felt the tantalizing sting of ambition; some day he would work across the aisle, among the "Americans," and don handsome overalls instead of a greasy, ill-smelling apron and mittens of cast-off rags.

The shriek of a whistle sounded through the mill; the belts began to whirr; the rolls over the way started their incessant rumble. A few late comers rushed through the mill; the day was on. Above the roar of the machinery sounded the sharp, barking commands of foremen and bosses; hand-carts piled high with brass began to roll along the metal pavement; the laborers, at least those who were initiated into the tricks of the business, began to fold up pieces of soft copper scrap piled near the big shears—in order to "look busy." Meanwhile they kept a vigilant eye out for an easy job. The standard wage was nine dollars a week for sixty hours' work; and they were not going to do more than nine dollars' worth if they could help it.

Six men near Mike suddenly leaped over a pile of scrap and hurried away, grinning as they went. They had seen the superintendent signal for men from the far end of the shop. The rest gazed enviously after them.

"Hey, you d—d square-heads; come out of the trance." The group jumped as though shot. "Six of you—no, not all of you, six, sec—" he held up six fingers—"six, take that wagon. Kentzler, you see that that lot of brass over there gets to the pickle-tub." Mike's father had been honored. He had been appointed to take charge of a "gang." But John Sebastian Kentzler did not relish the job. He was an Austrian, his men were Polish or Hungarian or Greek, he did not know which; but he did know that he would have to be careful. He looked after the retreating figure of his superior. His fat, unwieldy frame could be easily distinguished amidst the machinery; the white shirt marked him as a boss or foreman; the soft collar and cheap tie identi-

fied him as a lesser light in the galaxy of bosses—he was a “straw-boss.”

For reasons best known to himself, Ralph Warder had departed from Savannah, Georgia, and annexed himself to the laboring populace of Detroit. He had been trained in various circumstances to look down on the negro; by an easy transition, he transferred his antipathy now to the foreign-born laborers. To him they were a pack of “Johns, wops, square-heads,” and he “was sweating his heart-strings out” seeing that they were driven, driven till the plant had derived the maximum of effort for its precious nine dollars per man. He was piously helping them to earn their bread with the sweat of their brows; the sweat he could take care of, the bread he left to them.

Mike, in the seclusion of the scrap heap, kept himself busy. Soon the regular click of a machine near him fastened itself on his attention and he began to sing in time to it. His nimble fingers kept time, too, and soon a heap of neatly packed bundles of copper stood around him. He thought of home, and the money he was earning to help his mother. His voice rose higher and higher. Mechanics passing, paused to listen and went on smiling. He had a marvelous voice.

“Where’s that d—d canary? Here, you—yeh ain’t in the Follies—get over with that gang and help them with that brass.” Mike did not understand a word, but the eloquent gestures, together with the angry face and the more than emphatic, highly colored imprecations conveyed the information—amply. One of the men there, took advantage of Mike’s coming to slip away behind the shears and partake of a hasty lunch of dry bread and sausage. The boy took his place and began to heave the heavy coils of rolled metal to the top of the load. Then the inevitable happened.

In trying to raise one of the large coils, he slipped. His ragged hand coverings caught on the jagged edge of the bar, and down it came. He jumped aside. The metal bounded once, then the iron wire band holding it together broke, and the highly tempered metal leaped forward like a hound released from its leash, chasing across the floor like a huge toy, till its last section brought up with a sharp snap against the legs of the boss, Warder himself, who was just then receiving a sharp reprimand from the superintendent. The boy was horrified. His first inclination was to run; then he began to laugh. It was a ludicrous sight.

The boss, carrying with him his generous superfluity of weight had leaped with the sting of the blow and landed squarely in a puddle of oil. Not having heeded the magazine notices "To patronize our advertisers" and therefore not having provided himself with Weed chains, he skidded. That was all. When he came to, the superintendent had departed, the gang of laborers had disappeared, and behind him the long piece of shining brass winked at him humorously.

"Where in —, where the —, where is that confounded bunch of petrified doughheads?" he called out to none in particular. A passing laborer thought he was called and stopped.

"Where is that gang gone to that had charge of this metal?" he demanded. His question was received with a bland smile and a shrug of the shoulders.

"Are you blind?" continued the other. "They were right here a minute ago—right over there with that truck."

"Me no vorstay!" was the only response. Meanwhile a chilly sensation in the region of the oil-soaked section of his trousers reminded the boss of his predicament. He turned on the man and put his question once more with similar results; whereupon he promptly fired the fellow.

The lad merely grinned, ambled over to a coat rack, picked up his few belongings, received his pay at the office, joined the end of the now much abbreviated line at the employment office and an hour later was hired again, this time by the foreman of a different department. This was an old method among the more experienced laborers of escaping from a tyrannical foreman; Warder had played into the fellow's hands.

Before Warder could reassemble a new gang to rewind the bar of brass, a spry young lad, dressed in a natty office suit with a pink shirt and a collar that appeared to be in danger of decapitating him, spurted out of the shop office, carrying a packet of reports in his hands. He was the new efficiency expert lately acquired by the firm for the purpose of increasing dividends by cutting down overhead expenses. It was his work to figure out to a cent the cost of production, and to suggest remedies where waste either in material or in man power was in evidence. The men knew this and juggled their reports; but the boss was at his mercy. Warder feared this man, for he realized that in point of efficiency, he rated nil. The engineer paused near Warder,

looked over the place, noted the loaded truck standing idly by, glanced sharply at the brass spread out over the floor, gave one look at Warder, and left. That worthy cursed eloquently under his breath then left to change his trousers.

A mechanic at one of the rolls had seen the accident, and had enjoyed it. They being genuine workmen, despised frauds, and they knew Warder was a fraud, a puppet kept in his position by the favor of someone higher up. He knew, too, that it would be only a matter of time till the boy was caught, so noticing that he needed another helper, he called Mike, put him to work near his rolls, then went to the superintendent to make the change permanent. From that time on, Mike began to enjoy work in the factory.

During the noon hour, his father and he had their lunch together, after which Kentzler stretched himself out on some boards for a nap. A crowd of other young laborers saw Mike, and invited him to go to the saloon across the way. It was the custom, they claimed, for the newcomers to "set 'em up!" Mike refused. One lad became noisy and finally advanced aggressively. Mike did not know much about the fistic art, but when he saw the raised fist, he struck out blindly with all the force he could muster. The blow was powerful but not dangerous. It toppled his assailant over like a log. The whistle blew then, putting an end to the fray, except for vicious promises "to get even."

Late in the afternoon, as Warder was passing near the spot of the accident, a lad slipped up to him.

"Say, Boss, you look for fellow what gave you that bump this morning?"

"I sure am," responded the other heartily; "there's nobody else I'd like better to meet. Are you the guy?"

"No, sirree, Boss; me no here, but me know. Over there, he done it." He indicated Mike, who was busily engaged in his new work, but unfortunately, was enjoying it so much, that he was singing. There was no doubt now in the boss's mind. It must have been that Canary.

"Here, you wop," he called. "Come here." Before the man in charge of the rolls could stop him, Mike had obeyed. He figured that everybody in the place with a white shirt had about equal authority and the safest thing to do was to obey each and all.

"Did you throw a bar of metal in my direction this morning?" roared Warder, purple with anger as he recollected the ridiculous sight he had made.

Mike shrugged his shoulders. He did not understand a word.

Warder took it for insolence, and drawing back his fist, sent the lad crashing to the floor. He would have kicked him as he lay there, but a heavy hand seized him by the shoulders and twirled him around like an infant. From beneath heavy, black eyebrows glinted fire, and from between Gaelic lips, in the rich accent of Cork, came a warning and a threat.

"You d——d big bully; touch that boy again an' I'll make you fit for the undertaker." Warder blustered a moment, but the other called his bluff. "Don't try that stuff on me. I'm going to report you at the office, come quittin' time, an' if they don't give you your walkin' papers—" Warder turned and strode away.

At the far end of the factory, near the foundry, Mike's father had been engaged in unloading ingots of Electrolytic copper from a freight car. As each truck was loaded with the heavy metal, the men would take it to a huge shears, shaped like a mammoth scissors, where the ingots would be cut into small sections. It was from this department that John Kentzler hurried when a friend brought him news of his son's misfortune. He arrived near the scene in time to see Warder attempt to kick his son, and be thwarted by the muscular Irish mechanic. He hurried to pick Mike from the floor. The boy's face was covered with blood from his nose and he was crying. It had been a terrific crack. As he held his boy in his arms, and gazed after the retreating coward, black hate rose up in John Kentzler's heart. All the pent-up fury aroused by days of treatment of this kind came to a head, and resulted in a resolution, unusual, desperate, heedless of consequences—murder. He would kill that hulking mass of flesh that maltreated his boy. He would kill him that night if possible.

The kind-hearted Irishman washed the blood from Mike's face and put him back to work, at an easier job. And John Kentzler hurried back to the copper ingots.

About a half hour before the final whistle, notice went through the plant that there would be over-time. Warder was selecting the men who were to stay. Kentzler, hurried to the spot, placed himself where

he would be sure to be selected, and when he was told to remain, went off satisfied.

Hurrying back again to the foundry, he slipped a good sized fragment of copper ingot under a pile of rubbish. When the whistle blew and the men were rushing to punch their cards at the clock, he slipped off his ragged apron, wrapped the copper in it and hurried to the place where he had hung his coat. Taking his dinner-pail, he removed the remains of a sandwich, and placed the copper in the bottom of the pail. It was about six inches long and four wide and just filled the area of the bottom. Then he carefully broke up the sandwich and scattered the fragments over the metal. It was hardly distinguishable. He was satisfied. One blow with that, and there would be one bully less in the world.

He put on his coat and went to the clock with Mike. Together they punched their cards and went outside. Kentzler intended to walk part of the way with his son and return in time for the night work, but after they had gone a block, he noticed that Mike was pale and looked tired. He resolved, then, to brave the anger of the boss and continue on his way home. And as for the revenge, it could wait. Besides, on thinking it over, he thought that murder was a little too much. There was Mike, and his mother and the children in Austria to consider. No, that would not do; he would proceed home.

That night, after the last of the extra force had departed, and the night watchman was making his final rounds in front of the gate, he stumbled across a large, prostrate form. Turning his flashlight on the object, he saw that it was Warder. He was lying face downward, his head in a pool of blood. He knelt to feel the man's pulse. It was still. Near by, within the circular area of light, was a queer looking object. The watchman picked it up. It was a fragment of copper. On the side of the metal, half obscured by blood, were the letters E L E and the upper part of the letter C.

"He had it coming to him, and he got it at last," muttered the watchman. Some poor fellow will go up for this, but the cause and effect lie right there." And he nudged the body with his foot.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The boy or girl who makes a friend and confidant of father or mother will never end up in a reform school.

Catholic Anecdotes

LIFE

A Statesman retiring from public life occupied himself in his later days with serious thoughts.

The friends who came to visit him, reproached him with being melancholy. "No," he replied, "I am only serious. All around me is serious, and I feel the need that my heart and mind should be in unison with my surroundings."

"For," he added, with such solemnity as to impress all present, "God is serious as He watches us. Jesus is serious when He intercedes for us. The Holy Spirit is serious when He guides us. Satan is serious when he tempts us. The wicked in hell are serious now, because they neglected to be serious when on earth. All is serious in that world whither we are wending."

A RACING JOCKEY

In Father de Zulueta's "Gathered Fragments," a recent volume on frequent communion, we find the following incident told:

It was eight o'clock one night when a spare, lightly built youth rang the presbytery bell at a Catholic Church in Scotland and asked to see the priest. On the Father's coming down, the young man said:

"Father, I want to go to Communion."

The priest, naturally unaccustomed to an application of this kind so late at night, thought he should inquire further.

"Are you a Catholic?" he asked.

"I am," the youth answered.

"Well, don't you know that Catholics are not allowed to receive Holy Communion unless they are fasting?"

"I do; but I *am* fasting. I've had nothing to eat or drink today."

Somewhat astonished, the Father inquired:

"What have you been doing all day?"

"I am a racing jockey, Father. I have run three races today, and," he added with a knowing toss of his head, "I won two of them. But

today is my father's anniversary, and I always go to Communion on that day."

Perhaps the good priest, greatly edified at such an example, thought of those words: "Many indeed run, but one receives the Prize." Of course, he gave our young hero of the Eucharist his holy desire.

THE CERTAINTY OF SALVATION

In the monastery of St. Martha, a nun named Sister Scholastica went to speak to St. Philip at the grate, and to lay open to him a thought she had never communicated to anyone before—a conviction that she was lost. As soon as St. Philip saw her coming, he said:

"What are you doing, Scholastica, what are you doing? Paradise is yours."

"Nay, Father," replied the nun, "I fear the contrary will be the case; for it seems to me that I am lost."

"No," answered the saint, "I tell you that Paradise is yours; and I will prove it to you. Tell me for whom did Christ die?"

"For sinners," answered the nun.

"Well," said St. Philip, "and what are you?"

"A sinner."

"Then," added the saint, "Paradise is yours, yours! because you repent of your sins!"

And peace was restored to Saint Scholastica's soul. The temptation left her and never troubled her again. On the contrary the words, "Paradise is yours, yours," seemed always sounding in her ears.

The existence of the Catholic Church, her history for over nineteen centuries, the abiding presence of Christ so abundantly evident within her, her victory over all the persecutions of the ages, the preservation of the purity of her doctrine, the glorious fruits of her sanctity in numberless saints of God, her wonderful and constant works of charity—all these clearly show that the Catholic Church is the church of Christ wherein we find truth and salvation. The study of history, the perusal of the lives of the saints, and her great men, the numerous models of heroic virtues, grant us an insight into the blessed workings of the Church, fortify our faith, and make us happy and proud to be a child of the Church.

Pointed Paragraphs

1923

Our blessed Mother must be deeply interested in our welfare. She is mother of us all. She is Mother of Our Lord. And if she desires anything, it must be the glory of her divine Son. His highest glory is our salvation. If, therefore, we were to translate her wishes for us at this season, we would find them to read something like this:

"May the light of the countenance of my little Child ever shine upon thee; and

"May the perfection of His actions be seen in all thy works; that nought may be found at the last day but that for which thou mayest be rewarded.

"May His Sacred Heart be thy refuge when beset by temptations and afflictions, and

"Mayest thou enter It through the pierced Heart of thy Queen and Mother.

"Be thy last hour thy best hour, and may the Names of Jesus and Mary seal thy lips till thou meetest us in eternity. Amen."

May the Virgin Mary bless all our readers with this blessing during this year of grace, 1923.

OUR GREAT LOSS

One of the great accomplishments of the Church in America during this generation is certainly the mighty impulse given to the Catholic Press. We are, it is true, still far from the goal for which we strive and which we must attain—but no one will deny that we are well under way.

In this advance of the Catholic Press hardly anyone was more earnestly interested, to it hardly anyone contributed so much, as Mr. Nicholas Gonner, the founder and first editor of the *Daily American Tribune*, the first Catholic daily paper in the English language published in the United States.

From his enthusiasm, experience and energy—from his zeal and

whole-hearted devotion to this magnificent but laborious task, we looked for still greater achievements in the years to come.

But death has cut short all our expectations. Great is the loss we suffer. But God has seen fit to permit it to fall upon us. May the sense of our loss serve to spur us on to carry forward with new energy the work he did so valiantly. Then will loss be turned to gain. We can build to the departed no better monument.

RESOLUTIONS WITHOUT RESOLUTION

Mr. Peck had been reading some newspaper articles condemning smoking as injurious to health and pay envelopes. He had been smoking for years and always with a soothing effect on his nerves. But now he was done with it.

"No more smoking for me!" he resolved. And he hid the cigar box and tobacco pouch. In the evening of the same day, he received a sweet little letter from a little niece of his, thanking him for the cigar bands he had sent her; she was making such pretty things out of them.

"Well, now!" said Mr. Peck to himself, "isn't it too bad to deprive her of them? I'll smoke one cigar a day anyway, just to have a few bands to send to the little thing from her uncle. What's the use of swearing off anyway—it's harmless!"

We smile. But so it happens with a great many resolutions. Resolving means really making up one's mind—that is, building up our thoughts and reasons into a settled conviction, and our desires and aspirations into a firm determination. Often, however, resolutions are simply good ideas that flash on our minds, or mere desires, minus the making up of our minds. Any little jolt will shake them loose and scatter them to the breeze.

HEROD AND BETHLEHEM

During the Christmas days we rehearse the story of the holy Innocents—the baby boys of two years and under—whom Herod murdered in order to destroy Christ. He thought by doing this cruel thing, to make sure of his kingdom; but he only brought it to ruin.

In our day men again attempt to destroy Christ—and again by cruelty upon children. They are trying to destroy our schools, in which Christ is implanted in the hearts of our little ones. And again the old pretense is set up: to save our country. But, like in Herod's day, it shall only spell the ruin of our fair land.

In view of these attacks on our schools, Bishop O'Dea of Seattle has ordered the following prayer to be said in all churches after Mass:

"Dear Lord Jesus, our beloved Master, whose teaching has enlightened mankind, whose divine example has inspired the Church to gather around her with maternal care the little ones, and to nurture them in knowledge and holy wisdom; bestow evermore thy blessing upon our schools, that through them a devout generation may grow up, which will bring honor to Thy Spouse, the Church, and be a credit to our country. May the children fostered in these schools consecrated to Thy name, cling faithfully to Thee, who art the Way, the Truth and the Life; and thus be safeguarded against the false wisdom of the world. Lead them to the vision of Thy heavenly Father in union with the angels and saints, who livest and reignest, world without end. Amen."

It is a beautiful prayer and one that we all have reason to say, now that our schools are everywhere exposed to danger.

AN APPEAL TO PARENTS

Under the title, "A Flapper's Appeal to Parents," a recent issue of *The Outlook* prints the following words which may well be studied by parents. God only knows by what experience this girl in her teens came by the emotions that make her say:

"Mothers, become acquainted with your children. Be the understanding, loving, happy comrade of your daughter. Become her ideal. And strive to live up to the ideal you set for the woman who is to become your son's wife. Be his chum. Be young with him. Oh! what a powerful and wonderful influence you are capable of exerting if you only will!

"Fathers, find out what is within the minds and hearts and souls of your children. There is a wonderful, an interesting, and sacred treas-

ure-house there if you will take the time and pains to explore. The key is yours in return for patient understanding, sympathetic encouragement, and kindly wisdom. Make your daughter realize the depth of your love and make her feel that you have confidence in her ability to live up to your standards of upright womanhood. Be your son's pal. Make his interests your interests. Encourage him to formulate a workable philosophy of life. And remember this: a little merited praise means so much! A little encouragement goes such a long way!

"Oh, parents, parents everywhere, point out to us the ideals of truly glorious and upright living! Believe in us, that we may learn to believe in ourselves, in humanity, in God. Be the living examples of your teaching, that you may inspire us with hope and courage, understanding and truth, love and faith. Remember that we are the parents of the future. Help us to be worthy of the sacred trust that will be ours. Make our lives such an inspiration to us that we in our turn will strive to become an inspiration to our children and to the ages. Is it too much to ask?"

THE CHURCH UNITY OCTAVE

The Greymoor Friars again remind us of the annual Church Unity Octave, from January 18-25. This is an eight-day prayer "for the day when all the kingdoms of the world shall be the Kingdom of Christ." In order that as many as possible may be inspired to join in this Octave, we subjoin the prayers:

ANTIPHON. That they may all be One as Thou Father in me and I in Thee; that they also may be one in Us; that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me.—St. John XVII:21.

V. I say unto Thee, that thou art Peter;

R. And upon this Rock I will build my Church.

PRAYER. Oh Lord, Jesus Christ, who saidst unto Thine Apostles: Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you; regard not our sins, but the faith of Thy Church, and grant unto her that peace and unity which are agreeable to Thy will, Who livest and reignest God forever and ever. Amen.

N. B. It is also recommended that one decade of the Rosary (at least) be said for the particular intention of each day; also that Holy

Communion be received as often as possible during the Octave, daily if possible, certainly on the Sunday within the Octave.

GIFTS THAT LAST

There is an art in everything; a method of doing things well. And the annual interchange of gifts at Christmas is no exception. There is an art in gift giving; an art which dictates the choice of the gift and the mode of bestowing it, together with all accompanying circumstances; an art which strikes the golden mean between the extreme of garish vulgarity and that of miserly cheapness. And like other arts, it has its elite; its comparatively select few who appreciate and follow its canons; an aristocracy, not of wealth or birth necessarily, but of good taste.

The occasion, Christmas, with its prevailing spirit of Christ-like charity in no small degree aids in the selection of gifts, when it is understood. For charity is altruistic; it considers the other parties, takes note of their likes, their dislikes, their preferences, their needs spiritual and temporal; and the resultant gift chosen with due regard for its cost, invariably proves to be "just the thing," and remains a souvenir of the giver's thoughtfulness, as long as it lasts.

One of the neatest, most expressive and, at the same time, least expensive of gifts for Catholics, at this time, is a copy of a Catholic Art Calendar. It is a daily reminder not only of the giver's thoughtfulness, but of the spirit and the season in which it was given. It perpetuates the giver's kindness and satisfies a need that every Catholic acknowledges, a daily reminder, in picture and print, of the sublime and inspiring truths of his religion.

There has been an enthusiastic rivalry between Catholic publishers in producing these calendars, each one trying to surpass the rest in artistic as well as economical production. This year, the LIGUORIAN has compiled a calendar for the benefit of its readers and their friends, which has been declared by competent authority to comply with all that artistic taste and solid, Catholic spirit could demand.

Boost the LIGUORIAN and at the same time please and edify your friends.

To be popular at home is a great achievement.

Catholic Events

On December 11 His Holiness, Pope Pius XI, held the first consistory since his election to the Papacy. The Holy Father on this occasion gave further evidence of his concern for the peace of the world by exhorting the nations to follow the Christian principles of justice and fair-play. He also alluded in appealing terms to the distress in the Near East.

* * *

In his allocution at this consistory, the Holy Father addressed some solemn words to the diplomats to meet at Brussels. He said he would suggest to the delegates there the same exhortation directed to the Genoa conference, namely: "That they might consider the sad conditions in which all peoples are struggling, and what efficacious remedies are to be applied to such grave calamities."

"Indeed," he added, "such conferences will be useless and will develop into a bitter and dangerous delusion for the suffering nations until such time as the governments decide to temper justice with charity, which policy will finally redound to the advantage of the victorious and the vanquished."

He also protested against the conditions in Palestine, where the large Catholic interests were not being sufficiently safeguarded; pointed to the need for continued help for Russia in view of the distressing conditions there, and urged reestablishment of peace and order throughout the world.

* * *

First reports are at hand of the arrival of the Papal Relief Work in Russia. For the first time in centuries the Papal flag and the Papal coat of arms may be seen flying freely in the streets of Moscow, Petrograd, and in dozens of towns of the Crimea.

At the request of the Soviet government the first Catholic kitchen was opened in the Crimea, where the need is particularly urgent, as half the population are in dire distress. In all, it is estimated that 7,000,000 Russians will be facing death from starvation this winter.

Similar relief operations have been inaugurated at Moscow and other places. The Soviet government has informed the Director of the Catholic Mission that they have 2,225,000 orphans to take care of—40,000 being in Moscow alone.

* * *

At this First Consistory of Pius XI eight new Cardinals were created, among whom was the former Apostolic Delegate to the United States, Mgr. John Bonzano, who will henceforth reside in Rome as one of the members of the Papal Curia. The other Cardinals created were Monsignor Achille Locatelli, Nuncio in Lisbon; Monsignor Henriguez Rey Casanova, Archbishop of Toledo, Spain; Monsignor Alexis Charost, Archbishop of Rennes, France; Monsignor Arthur

Stanislaus Touchet, Archbishop of Orleans, France; Monsignor Eugenio Tosi, the successor of the present Holy Father in the Archiepiscopal See of Milan, Italy; Monsignor Giuseppe Mori, Secretary of the Congregation of the Council; and Rev. Francis Ehrle, S. J., formerly Librarian of the Vatican.

* * *

The College of Cardinals has suffered the loss of one of its oldest members in the person of Cardinal Martin de Herrera y de Iglesia, archbishop of Santiago de Compostella, in Spain, who died on December 9. He was born in the diocese of Salamanca in 1835, and was created Cardinal by Pope Leo XIII April 19, 1897.

* * *

Most Rev. Pietro Fumasoni-Biondi has been appointed Apostolic Delegate to the United States to succeed the former Delegate, now Cardinal Bonzano. Monsignor Fumasoni has held the post of Apostolic Delegate in India and China previous to his present appointment.

* * *

Catholic Journalism suffered the loss of one of its ablest promoters, when Mr. Nicholas E. Gonner, editor-in-chief of *Daily American Tribune*, the first Catholic daily in the United States, was accidentally drowned by the overturning of his touring car at a dangerous crossing of a small creek near Janesville, Wis. Mr. Gonner, with his daughter, Anna, 20 years of age, and John Schroeder, 23, were trapped under the car when it went over the embankment and were drowned in three feet of water. Mr. Gonner was born at Cape Girardeau, Mo., July 8, 1870. He had been knighted by the Late Pope Pius X for his untiring efforts in behalf of the Catholic cause.

* * *

Two other veteran Catholic editors passed away during the first week of December: Dr. A. Stocker, O. S. B., editor of *The Guardian* of Little Rock, Ark., and Mr. William Campbell, editor of the *Southern Messenger* of San Antonio, Texas, for twenty-one years.

* * *

The death of Alice Meynell, Catholic poet and essayist, took place in London on November 27. Mrs. Meynell became a Catholic after a thorough study of the Catholic faith and succeeded in bringing her whole family into the True Faith. Born in 1853, she began her literary career at the age of 22. She with her husband, Wilfred Meynell, took in Francis Thompson, the Catholic poet, who wrote the "Hound of Heaven," and gave him a home, when he was literally in rags.

* * *

The Central Office of the Church Unity Octave at Graymoor, Garrison, N. Y., has received a communication from Rome to the effect that the Holy Father, Pope Pius XI, will celebrate Holy Mass on one of the days during the Octave for the intention of the association. His Holiness also desires that the Octave be propagated among all pious Catholics. The Octave is celebrated from the Feast of the Chair of St. Peter (Jan. 18) to the Conversion of St. Paul (Jan. 25). This Octave for reunion of Christendom has been specially blessed and enriched with indulgences by Pope Benedict XV. An eight page

brochure explaining the object and manner of joining in the Octave, may be had by sending a two-cent stamp to the Central Office of the Church Unity Octave, Graymoor, Garrison, N. Y.

* * *

A very gracious act on the part of the Holy Father was revealed incidentally in a case tried in the Dublin law courts. Count Blake, an uncle of Col. Maurice Moore, left his estate to the Pope for religious and charitable purposes. A request was made to His Holiness by Col. Moore and his sister for a donation from the estate. The Pope allocated \$5,000 to Col. Moore and \$10,000 to his sister, although under the terms of their uncle's will they were not legally entitled to any benefit.

* * *

J. F. T. O'Connor, defeated candidate for the United States Senate from North Dakota, a Catholic, after his campaign declared:

"Among my most loyal supporters were the leading men and women of Grand Forks, representing all races and creeds. The ward containing the largest number of people of my faith gave my opponent the largest majority. They were led to believe that my opponent could serve better their economic interests and he received their support. Those of my faith refused to permit religious considerations to influence their voting, while others insisted that this issue was par amount."

* * *

An article in the *New York Times* states that open warfare on the Ku Klux Klan by the Jewish Independent Order of Brith Abraham (having a membership of 200,000 throughout the United States), was declared by Judge Aaron Levy, Grand Master of the Order, and presiding Justice of the Municipal Court of the City of New York. Judge Levy said that he hoped to enlist other Jewish organizations in a fight on the Klan. He said it was time to "refuse to permit a continuance of the coldest and most merciless brutality and murder by a band of organized bandits."

* * *

A dastardly and un-American attack has recently been made on Admiral Benson because he is a Catholic, by Masonic organizations. They seek to force his retirement from the Shipping Board, of which he is a member, for the simple reason that he is a Catholic, and they bolster up their attack with, as usual, lies and misrepresentations. A secret circular issued by them declares:

"Not long ago the Roman Pontiff made Admiral Benson a Knight of St. Gregory, the acceptance of which title legally disqualifies him for any position of trust under our government, and the Jesuits presented him with a gold sword. It is apparent that the Admiral is the secret high commander of the militant Papal forces in the United States, and that he is directing the Romanization of our Army and Navy, in anticipation of that final thrust which has been planned for the psychological moment."

It is nonsense—but it is worse—it is lying and venomous. Our friends, the Masons, again!

—THE— Liguorian Question Box

(Address all Questions to "The Liguorian" Oconomowoc, Wis.
Sign all Questions with name and address)

Since the Church celebrates the feast of Christmas on the twenty-fifth of December, does that mean that our Lord was actually born on that day?

No. The Church has never made any pronouncement upon this matter, for she does not claim to know the exact date of the birth of Christ. In fact, there is no certain record in history that the feast of Christmas was celebrated at all in the early church. However we know for certain that a special feast in honor of our Saviour's birth was celebrated at Rome on the twenty-fifth of December about the year 300. There are also records showing that the feast was celebrated in other places on the twenty-fifth of December and also on other days of the year. In the course of time almost all the other churches in communion with Rome adopted the custom of celebrating the feast on the same day as the church at Rome and consequently the custom is practically universal at the present time.

May a Catholic, who has given up the practice of his religion and joined the Masons be sponsor at baptism?

No, he cannot lawfully become sponsor of a Catholic child. The two ideas,—a Catholic sponsor and a Free-Mason are incompatible. The sponsors at baptism take upon themselves the obligations to provide a Catholic education for the child in case the parents fail in this duty. Though the sponsors are seldom called upon to actually fulfill this duty, nevertheless the Church forbids Catholic parents to choose as sponsor one so unfitted, for there is very little likelihood, that a Free-Mason, even though he was once a Catholic, would bother about the obligation in case it would devolve upon him.

Why are the three fast days in September and December called Ember Days?

The word ember most likely is derived from an Anglo-Saxon word meaning a circle or a regular course or period. It was used in the early

English church to signify a recurrence of certain periods, when the bishop usually conferred the sacrament of Holy Orders. Though the bishop may and in fact at present more frequently does ordain priests at other times in the year, the church still prescribes these days of fast and abstinence to make supplication to Almighty God for good and zealous priests.

These ember days occur four times a year at intervals of three months. They are the Wednesday, Friday and Saturday which follow December 13, the first Sunday of Lent, the feast of Pentecost and September 14. In Latin accordingly they are called the "Quatuor Tempora," the four times. Some derive the word ember from these Latin words and trace the changes through the different languages. For example, in Dutch, the name is "Quar-tertemper"; in German, "Quatember," and in Danish, "Kvatember," whence the transition to Ember is easy.

However, etymologists as a rule do not admit the origin from the Latin with the consequent transition through the different languages to the English. They say that the word really comes from the original Anglo-Saxon "Ymbren."

Which is the best prayer-book to use during Mass?

The best prayer-book for Mass without doubt is the Roman Missal, for it contains the prayers said by the priest at the altar the prayers of Holy Scripture and of the Fathers of the Church. It was the wish of Pope Pius X, the Pope of the Blessed Sacrament, that the Roman Missal should be used more commonly by the faithful of all classes in their attendance at Mass. You can obtain a copy of the Roman Missal in English in a cheap edition through the LIGUORIAN. Another book that will be of great help in assisting devoutly at Mass is published by Rev. G. Stebbing, C.S.S.R., entitled, "Thirty Ways of Hearing Mass," also obtainable through the LIGUORIAN.

Some Good Books

No Handicap. A Novel by Marion Ames Taggart. Published by Benziger Brothers, New York. Price \$2.00 Postage 15 cents extra.

This is one of the best stories of the year. I took it along with me on a railway trip, and never was journey so short as with this book as companion.

It is original and the end comes on one so unexpectedly yet so satisfyingly. It brings you in contact with characters you will be glad to have met, and characters on which you will vent some well-deserved indignation,—real men and real women.

It is a book that will be read with delight by young and old.

Dominus Vobiscum. A book of Letters. By Rt. Rev. Francis C. Kelly. Published by Matre and Company, Chicago. Price, \$—

To many a young man preparing for the priesthood, ascetical teaching, especially when it demands sacrifice, self-denial or restraint, seems antiquated. He is inclined to say: That was good enough for them. He wonders how the same principles could be applied nowadays.

For this reason we welcome heartily this book by Msgr. Kelly. It is vibrant with modern tones. The strings are the old ones, but the tune is up to date.

It makes us wish that many of our older confreres, rich in life, lesson and labors of years, would give us younger men the benefit of their experience and of the lessons they learned perhaps with suffering.

The Divine Counsellor. By Martin J. Scott, S. J. Published by P. J. Kennedy and Sons, New York. Price, Cloth, \$1.75; leather, \$2.50. Postage 10 cents extra.

It was a happy thought that made Father Scott put this book in the form of a dialogue between the soul and God.

It lends interest to the book,—giving it a newness and freshness which any other treatment would scarcely possess.

It makes the book more personal,—

for thus he is enabled to speak more intimately out of his knowledge of the human heart.

It lends that touch of devotion, that atmosphere of intimate presence of God and His interest in us individually, which is the best medium for imparting divine Truth. Difficulties there are for every human mind, and the difficulties will never be cleared up fully till we are in heaven. But if there is any light in which the truths can become acceptable, despite these difficulties, it is in the light of devotion,—of burning love and trust in God. This the book enkindles.

The Word of God. Short Meditations on the Gospels. By Msgr. Francis Borgongini ni-Duca. Transl. by Rev. Francis J. Spellman. Published by Macmillan Company, New York. Price,

This is a splendid little book which we reviewed some time ago and praised. The Macmillan Company are now issuing it in paper cover and very cheaply, so as to bring it into the hands of the greatest number of people. We are glad to see it.

Scouting for Secret Service. By Bernard F. J. Dooley. Published by P. J. Kennedy and Sons, New York. Price, postpaid, \$1.35.

Welcome another boy's story, one worth while putting on the shelves of the school or home library. It is a book that will thrill any normal boy. It is full of adventure and excitement from the first page. I have one fear,—that when Jack starts to read it, mother will have to call twice to make him understand that he is to run an errand. Well, boys, there is a chance to practice a little of the heroic you read about: conquer yourself.

This year a number of beautiful calendars have been put on the market from various Catholic sources. They meet the varied demands of taste. Two that have come under my notice are *The Sentinel Press Calendar* (New York) and the *Mission Wall Calendar* (Society of the divine Word, Techny.)

Lucid Intervals

Mr. Smith: "What is the difference between the death of a barber and the death of a sculptor?"

Mr. Brown: "I don't know, what is it?"

Mr. Smith: "Well, one curls up and dyes, and the other makes faces and busts."

"My dear, I think your daughter recites remarkably well, don't you?"

"Yes, all she needs is a short course in electrocution to finish her off, as you might say."

The Inspector: "Name?"

Prisoner: "Pat McSweeney, Sorr."

The Inspector: "Nationality?"

Prisoner: "Oirish."

The Inspector: "Business?"

Prisoner: "Italian organ-grinder, Sorr."

A blinding flash!

A grinding crash!

A scream from Mrs. Coater!

"Heavens! She's dead!

We're done for, Ned!"

Yes, Ned had killed the motor.

"I believe," said the cheery philosopher, "that for every single thing you give away two come back to you."

"That's my experience," agreed Phamley. "Last June I gave away my daughter and she and her husband came back in September."

A man was asked about the per cent of his hootch.

"Well," he said, "I can't tell you the exact per cent, but it's good stuff. Just to show you how good it is, the board under the spigot is soaked with the stuff and last night I heard a noise in the cellar. I looked down and saw a mouse nibbling at the board. In a few minutes the mouse came swaggering up the cellar stairs, walked over to me and said, 'Now, mister, where is that cat that's been following me around all week.'"

The board of education of Chicago has caused a classic essay to be immortalized in type. It's about frogs and was written by a young Norwegian. The essay is as follows:

"What a wonderful bird the frog are! When he stand he sit, almost. When he hop he fly, almost. He ain't got no sense, hardly. He ain't got no tail hardly, either. When he sit he sit on what he ain't got, almost."

In China, when the subscriber rings up exchange, the operator may be expected to ask:

"What number does the honorable son of the moon and stars desire?"

"Hohi, two-three."

Silence. Then the exchange resumes:

"Will the honorable person graciously forgive the inadequacy of the insignificant service and permit this humble slave of the wire to inform him that the never-to-be-sufficiently censured line is busy."

"My dear, we've simply got to change our family doctor. He's so absent-minded. Why, this afternoon he was examining me with the stethoscope and while he was listening he suddenly called out, 'Hello! Who is this speaking?'"

A man was brought in court for the illicit distilling of whisky.

"What is your name?" asked the judge.

"Joshua" replied the prisoner.

"Joshua?" repeated the judge. "Ah! Are you the Joshua who made the sun stand still?"

"No, sir, judge," was the answer. "I is the man who made the moon shine."

Policeman, calling on Mr. Isaacstein at five a. m.—Your store was broken into last night and half your stock was carried off.

Isaacstein—Sufferin' cats, but ain't I lucky. I shust marked everything down 25 per zent yesterday.